

The Ugly Club

"Last Evenings"

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Last Evenings (Floating)
Song/Lyrics by: R. Egan

Early night moon wander
Flooded road
Watched the avenue unwind
I nearly lost the time.

Made a call, got answers
But not from you
Baby we are in end times
I hope it's televised.

You went off, found shelter
Made your mind, now you gotta stay.
Yeah.

Everyone goes under
While I know you're miles away.

Floating to you
I think I'll cut my anchor loose
But I'll need a burning light
To make it alive.

Where could I go
To leave the past
in undertow?
Would you write me
and please guide me
to your door?

That first time
When we just talked all night
Interrupted by some sunlight
No I didn't mind.

But this ain't some fiction
Story left open wide
You make me shiver,
I'll probably fry
At the end of it allâ€¦!

Floating to you
I think I'll cut my anchor loose
But I'll need a burning light
To make it alive.

Where could I go
To leave the past
in undertow?
Would you write me
and please guide me
To your door?

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